Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as I loue Haſtings with my heart.
Kin. Madam, your ſelfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne Dorſet, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue bene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord Haſtings, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfainedly:
Qu. Here Haſtings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And ſo ſweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham ſeale thou this league,
With thy embracements to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This do I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloſter here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloceſter.

Buc. And in good time, here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne king and queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue ſpent the day:
Brother, we haue done deeds of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peeres.
Glo. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwitti
Haue ought committed th
By any in this preſence, I c
To reconcile me to his frie
T's death to me to be at e
I hate it, and deſire all goo
Firſt Madame, I intreat pe
Which I will purchaſe wit
Of you my noble couſen
If euer any grudge were l
Of you Lord Riuers, and
That all without deſert ha
Dukes, Earles, Lords, gen
I do not know that Engli
With whom my ſoule is a
More then the infant tha
I thanke my God for my
Qu. A holy day ſhall
I would to God all ſtrife
My ſoueraigne liege I do
To take our brother Cla
Glo. Why Madame, h
To be thus ſcorned in thi
Who knowes not that th
You do him iniury to ſco
Ri. Who knowes not
Qu. All ſeeing heaue
Buc. Looke Ho pale L
Dor. I my good Lord
But his red colour hath f
Kin. Is Clarence dead
Glo. But he (poore ſou
And that a winged Merc
Some tardie cripple bore
That came too lagge to
God graunt that ſome le
Nearer in bloudie thoug
Deſerue not worſe then
And yet goe currant fro

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